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dings, Receptions, Balls, And all occasions where strictly first-class music is required.

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SIGHING WIND.

Why do you sigh, O, sighing wind? What sadness saddens your song? Thy fare-why is it a fare of unrest Why is it? What is hid in the breast That pales thee? So long I have heard your plaintyle err-Tell me, wind, why you sigh?

Why do you sigh, O, sighing wind! What burden, what care do you feel Is life indeed so sail a thing. by this the reason you sing Only dirgus! You steal The smiles from my lips. Oh why Tell me, wind, what makes you sigh?

Why do you sigh, O, sighing wind! Must I ask, do I plead in vain? Too hallowed for speech, too hely for ear Of man! In a sobbing strain

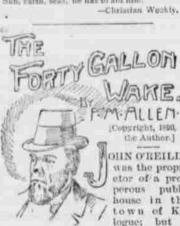
The wind passed by, The answer whispered was a whispered sigh LIEBIE WALKER, Harrford, Ky.

Somewhere uniformently the sky, White the sammer winds pass by, Springs and grows the ripening grain that with wheaten bread shall feed Three and thing in time of need, While then tollest beavy hearted, As if hope and thou had parted.

Some stont hand the farrows made, And the seed within them Inid, And some watchful eye took care Lest from out the earth or air Weed or winged or living creature To the test should bring defeature God and man the wheat have tended. And frem drought and deluge 'fended

Stands the dusty, burrying mill That shall grind thy grain to flour, Waiting now the day and bour. Somewhere ship and train are keeping Room for it. White thou art eleoping They may bring their freight a nigh thee, But thy own will not pass by thee. Is it weil to sigh and fret

When God's workmen all are set Each at his own task for thou And his messenger will be-All so flees and free, transmitting Treasure for thy benefiting? Naught can hinder or gyade him-Sun, earth, seas, he has to aid him



[Copyright, 1990, by the Author.] OHN O'REILLY was the proprictor of a pres perous public house in the town of Killogue; but it

would not be prudent if you wished to curry favor | shortly before ten o'clock O'Reilly shut with Mr. O'Reilly to refer to his place of business as a public house. He temped it a Spirit Store; and who should know the proper appellation better than the holder of the license? Mr. O'Reilly was a stoot, florid man,

a little above the medium height. He owned a pair of merry bine eyes, and an exceptionally affable manner. He was the proprietor of two sons, aged respectively twenty and eighteen, and he uled the boys with an iron rod. They assisted him in his business (for which business they privately had a feeling of contempt), and were very dull and very dutiful youths. The most renunerative portion of

O'Reilly's business was that which concerned itself with the farmers who visited Killogue periodically to dispose of their produce. Killingue Iny in the senter of a flourishing agricultural district, and three-fourths of the farmers dealt for their mait liquor with John O'Reilly. The shrewd, good-natured publican

was a pleasant man to talk to; he could enter readily into all the joys and sorrows of his farmer friends, was a fairly good judge of the weather, and a superintively good judge of butter, he knew all about top-dressing and subsoiling, and pig feeding; and his 'special" Irlah whisky was unadulterated neetar.

whisky reached John O'Reilly's store from the bonded warehouse it was of uniform strength and quality, but it was arranged in casks of at least halfa-dozen qualities ere it left his prem-

were events of serious importance to Mr. O'Reilly, and he could be full of sympathy or of congratulations as ocion required.

him, and in connection with them he and a set system for showing publicly the depth of his sorrow. He did not measure his mourning by the ordinary standards-by the width of his hat band or the black border on his note caper, but nevertheless, his display of empathetic grief was-as all such dis-

whisky for a wake and paid cash, Mr. D'Reilly spoke words of tender conlelence. ordered he put up one shutter on his thop window on the day of the funeral, in addition to speaking the words of sympathy. When five gallons were when receipting the bill. When ten gallons of whislry were ordered Mr. D'Reilly made it his business to go a bit of the way with the funeral, if the place of interment was not outside the country wake-no dwellers in the town ever reached the twenty gallon staninrd-he attended the funeral, accomonnied by one of his sons, on an outide car And on a few rare occasions when forty gullons—the extreme limit -were ordered, Mr. O'Reilly put up all -were ordered, Mr. O'Reilly put up all we sent to Martin Power, the deuce a his shutters, closed his store for a pordrop he'd ever buy from me again. I

300 by the day, and attended the funeral, accompanied by his two sons, on an outside car, or in a covered car f there was any exense (in the shape rain) for employing a covered

It so happened that for six long weeks of the summer which is conione of Mr. O'Rellly's agricultural friends had any necessity for a waker neither, during the same period, had there been any marriages, and consequently Mr. D'Reilly's business was not as flourishing as the worthy spirit merchant could wish it to be. The only country orders for any special purpose were a few odd gallons for christenings and some cheap sherry for the same auspicious events. But it is a long lane that has no turn-

Mr. O Beilly received from different parts / the country two "wake orders" or a paltry five gallons and one PROVIDENCE. for the lummum bonum—forty gallons. an ill wind blows nobody good," said he-at the forty-galion order, which had been delivered by a "servant-boy" fat band. early in the morning. "It's fifteen months now," said he to

ing; and one rainy Saturday morning

his cldest son, Pat, "since we had a sthroke of luck like this; and the best of it all is that it is Martin Power's wife that's dead and gone-rest her to s sowi!-Martin Power, of Ristheen. And all." he likes his stuff as mild as summer rain. You may as well heave a few gallons of spring water into number six puncheon. D'ye hear me, Pat?" "Yes, sir," answered the eldest hope of the house of O'Reilly.

"Don't make any mistake about the ordhers, you numbettull. Forty galtons of number six for Martin Power, of Ristheen. Be careful not to send any bill with it-he's awfully touchy about his credit. He's rich as Craysus and as crotchety as an overfed mule. The other order is for Tommy Power, of Knockneesha. Tommy's mother is the corpse. I'd rather he sent his morey with the order, but we can't refuse him five gallons on an occasion like this. He likes his stuff with a a fresh supply in this out-of-the-way bear me now, you blockhead?"

"I do, sir." "I have to attend a meeting of the poor-law guardians at eleven o'clock, so let yourself and Denis get these two ordhers off as early as he can to-day."
"All right, sir," said dull but dutiful

"You can send Tommy Power, of Kneckneesha, his bill Charge him twenty-two a gallon-the regular 'wake' price-and the carriage; and usic for the money at his earliest con-renience, for he's a very struggling man. I'll call in to Scanlan, the tailor, on my way to the workhouse, and get him to hurry up with that new black coat of mine, and let yourself and Denis get a pair of hatbands, for we'll all have to follow poor Martin Power's wife to her last resting place on Thurslay next. The Heavens be her bed!"

Thursday morning came round, and op his premises, intimating to the pubsoon, and requesting a prayer for the repose of the late Mrs. Martin Power. Indernenth this request was a similar the repose of the Widow Power, of plain it."

The spirit merchant had chartered a lay looked threatening. Besides, the overed vehicle wen'd have a more solemn and respectful appearance than all the neighbors, and it's afther de-

an ordinary jaunting car. The road to Ristheen was a miserady bad road--a good hour's drive disint from Killogue. There were no habitations-except a few broken-down sabins could be dignified with the term inbitation-for the seven long miles. Not even a licensed "half-way house" or a shebeen. However, Mr. O'Reilly alculated there would be an hour or two to spare at Ristheen before the funeral started, and there would, so doubt, be ample time to discuss the funeral baked meats-for Martin Power was a flahoolig farmer-and to wash them down with some of the whisky

remaining from the forty gallons. ly spent most of the journey lustructing his two dull boys as to their behav-ior when they would reach the house

"If I see the sign of a smile on either of your faces you will hear it from me on both ears when we get



DO YOU HEAR ME, YOU BLOCKHEAD? nome. Look as solemn as if you were getting a tooth dhrawn. D'ye hear me?" 'I do sir," was the dutiful response from both of the O'Reilly boys. 'I hope you were very careful about the whisky, Pat?"

"I was, sir; I put nearer to four than three gallons of water into the punchton. My hand," he added, attempting o deliver himself of a mild piece of pleasantry, "was a trifle heavy, sir." Tommy Power's order?"

of the puncheon-the last gallon of it was the bare drogs." Tommy will be all the better pleased at the tang of the cash. How he dhrinks

don't cury the people that are attending the Widow Power's wake," observed the spirit merchant, making a sour face and smacking his lips.

The covered car drew up at the doof Martin Power's house shortly after eleven o'clock-the funeral was to start at one-and the publican and his sons were ushered into a small parior, where some friends of the widower vere sented.

O'Reilly chatted gravely with the people in the purior-all of whom were strangers to him. In about ten minates a message was sent to him that "the master" wished to see him for a few moments. The summons was not unexpected by

Reilly, and hastily getting his thoughts into order, and his face into a sound, dignified, lachrymose condition, he folowed the servant who had brought he message from Martin Power, and soon found himself standing in the presence of the man of the house With a suspicion of a sob O'Reilly stepped quietly toward the farmer, who was standing near the window is

To the astonishment and horror of the spirit merchant, the widower ig-nored the extended hand and instantly, a snarl on his lips, said: "You have the divil's own impudence

to set your foot inside my house at "What's the matther? What ails

ou, Martin?" "Don't be Martinin' me. It is only the mercy of Heaven they're not takin' myself and most of the neighbors out to be buried along with the poor wom-

"What on earth is the matther? Are you mistaking me for anyone else? Or

is it mad you are?" "I'm not mistakin' you at all, John O'Reilly; nor am I one bit mad. You weren't content with sending me a palthry five gallons of your dirty whisky afther I had asked half the barony to the wake, and with no manes, as you well know, of gettin' in strong paraffine tang. Rack his five place, but you had the impudence to gallons out of number four. Do you send me the bill. If you were afraid to thrust me with forty gallons-as, of course, you were-don't thry to stop



'DON'T THY TO STOP ME."

tie by means of a crape-decorated card me, now, with any of your rascally would be remined at three in the after- all, man, why cut me down to five? Why not refuse the ordher altogether,

"There's some terrible mistake," one, written in smaller characters, for gasped O'Reilly. "I think I can ex-"There's no mistake at all And I wouldn't demane myself by listenin' to funerent-looking covered car, as the any of your lyin' explanations. But the worst of your dirty conduct is that the stuff you sent to me half poisoned

> bill for five gallons of paraffine? And I'd have known what I was dhrinkin' 'Oh, Martin, my dear man, 'tis a terrible mistake altogether!" sobbed the

horror-stricken whisky merchant. "But ion't think 'twas my mistake." 'You were always a mane de tudherer!" persisted the farmer, "with your dirty low thricks about your one shutter and your three shutters, and your one boy and your two boys-but I'm done with you, anyhow. If my wedit isn't good for forty gallons of whisky I have sperit enough left in me to pitch you and your paraffine to the livil. There's your money-your dirty five pound ten-for your poisonous

"Ah! don't be so unraisonable, man," pleaded Mr. O'Reilly. "It was all a mistake of an idiot of a son of mine. Oh! wait till I get him home!"

"Well, I can't afford to be poisoned even by mistake, Misther O'Reilly. Take your money now, and don't atto desecrate my poor wife's funeral by attendin' it yourself, or allowing one or two, or any number of your idiotic boys to follow the hearse." And purple with passion Martin Power, of Ristheen, walked out of his own dining-room, leaving O'Reilly a prey to the most horrible pangs of anger against "the ignorant, insulting bog-trotter," and of equally fierce feelings of vengeance against his own flesh blood-his stupid son, who, no doubt, had sent Tommy Power's five gallons to Martin Power. And then another and equally unpleasant thought flashed upon his troubled brain. Tommy Power, of Knockneesha, and his friends had, no doubt, consumed the forty gallons of good, honest whisky, and he might whistle for his forty-four pounds, for Tommy and all belonging to him could never raise anything like the value of the great forty-gallon order.

"Curious thing," said Dawson.

attack the scalp of the little folks that belong to them with the fine comb as a weapon and dandruff the arch enemy. which they proceed vigorously to ex-terminate. If they only knew it, they are stimulating the accumulation of the patches that so annoy them, and in many instances lay the foundation for a severe case of cezema, which is the direct outcome of these vigorous on slaughts. The comb has but three offices, and they are to open up the hah so that the brush may reach all parts of the scalp, to part and disentangle snarls. A properly made comb has long, thick, wide, perfectly smooth teeth with well-rounded ends and set wide apart. To remove the dandruff a little oil or grease should be rubbed into the scalp and the head carefully washed

CALITHUMPIANS IN MAINE.

that there lived a man who went to ser-

the brood of hell was loose. Steve was a good-natured fellow and had many good qualities, and so it was natural that he himself should fall into the snares of a pretty woman and get married. As he had been a ringleader in the sport the word was given out and the men from all over town came down and went up to Steve's ouse at midnight. Every cowbell and every old gun in town was there. The air hung heavy and thick with gunpow-ier smoke like a battlefield after a few ounds. All was dark and quiet in the ionse, and the serenaders kept It up his dining-room and stretched out his

Il morning. "He shan't get out of it that way," they said, and teams scurried along the ountry highways in every direction that day summoning the clansmen to the bombardment. They got there early that night. No one fired a gun till ill was ready, and then it came like a flash of lightning with accompanying hunder.

It was twelve o'clock when Steve ame to the door rubbing his eyes and looking, in his half-dressed condition, us if he had just got up.

"Why, follers, I didn't know you were an that's dead and gone, you low- that it might be you, and so come out tere. I just heard a noise and thought ome in, you fellers, and be at home. ban't got much, but I have a little good cheer. Come in, I say, and make your

In they came, and Steve lighted all "Don't be skeery of it, fellers, them knew when they took the first glass that it was loaded, but they didn't pay any attention afterward.

Well, you ought to have seen them swill that stuff. Why, there were men there drinking split apple juice and whisky that to-day are holding very high places in the synagogue. Along toward morning they commenced to meander out toward the village. When the sun came up next morning those good people were laid along beside the road like a tired regiment that sleeps upon its arms.

By noon most of the men were taken away and earried home by their friends. When they came to and met on the street corners to talk serenade again they thought that Steve had rather got the had seven hundred wives."-N. Y. ahead of them,-Lewiston Journal.

ADVERTISING PAYS.

flow "Kelly the Butterman" Became a Household Word in England. An eccentric character in Liverpool, England, many years ago, an Irishman, who dealt in butter imported from Ire land, always dressed in light blue jeans and wore a large, clean, white apron so he was remarkable, and in walking on the street invariably kept right on the surbstone so that he could be seen by persons on both sides of the thorough

don't you? "Well, they are all very well, as far as they go, but they don't go far enough. You are only seen and known mough. by those who are on the street you hap pen to be upon: why not carry out your principle and be known all over Engand?" He took fire in a minute and

terman' under it.' He did it, made a fortune, and sent me a tub of the best butter I every put into my mouth. - Boots and Shoes Week

Not in the Country There are many places in Ireland to which are attached legends wherein his satanic majesty figures. The Devil's Gap, the Devil's Bowl and many others might be mentioned. A bright story of an exchange.

One day an English tourist was being shown the sights by a guide. The "Gap" and the "Bowl" had been visited and the tourist remarked: "What an amount of land the devil ossesses in Ireland! He must be an

ike the rest iv the landlords, he's an absentee."--Youth's Companion. "What has become of that two-cent Columbian stamp that I put away in the attie?" asked Mr. Simpkins of wife as he hunted round. "Why, don't you remember, dear,

you said it was in the way, and that I "Well. Mrs. Simpkins?" "I papered the front room with it, "Oh, you did? and you mean to tell

me you used the whole of that stamp "No, love, I've saved the border for a frieze for your study."-Detroit Free A Crusher.

on the avenue yesterday. Simpleins-I beg your pardon, Miss Clara, but the best usages of English, you know, do not permit of the expression "gentleman friend." Miss Cinra-Oh, Indeed, Well, there is one case in which I never did use it. Simpkins-What case is that, Miss Miss Clara (savagely)-Your case -Texas Siftings.

"You'll be sorry for this some day!" howled the son and heir as his father released him from the position he had occupied across the paternal knee. Till be sorry? When?" "When I get to be a man?"

you, Tommy? "No, sir," blubbered Tommy, rub

New and complete line of

and Fancy Room Ornaments

Wall Papers, Window Shades

He Came Out Even. He was a weary faced traveling man, who had been the victim of every west-

ern boom-towner he had met. He entered the office of a ticket agent in a western city the other day, and, purchasing a through ticket for the east,

"I have at least made one good inrestment since I have been in this part of the country.' "How's that?" asked the sympathetic

agent. "I came out even," replied the eastern man as he walked toward the door.—

A young German officer, rather new to his work, was drilling a squad of raw

recruits, and gave the word of command: "Lift the right leg!" One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor.

er; "what jackanape has lifted both his legs?"



Father-What! Georgie, broken your horse already? Son-Yes, papa; you know you said worth much till it was broke.-N. Y. Ledger.

The Only Way. Smith-My wife has solved the hiredgirl problem. Jones-She bas? "She has. And now we have no more trouble."

your wife solved the problem?" "She is doing her own house work." -N. Y. Press. Good Reason for Being Bald-Headed. "I saw a picture of Solomon to-day,

headed. "Well, what of that?" "I thought that he was a type of manly beauty." "Yes, but you must remember that

Press.

Defined.

"Well, my son," returned the wise parent, "if you had a seventy-five-cent straw hat blown off into the sea, it would be extravagant to hire a boat for a dollar togo out and get it."-Harper's Young People.

Reasoning by Analogy. Mr. Bronston-Mr. and Mrs. Upton both had on new suits in church to-day. Mrs. Upton's dress was tailor-made. Mrs. Bronston - Huh! How do you know it was tailor-made?

Callow-I'll bet you don't know my Penclope-He's a bull in Wall street. Callow - Heavens! How did you

Penelope — I supposed so because you're his son.—Truth. It Hasn't Any. Tommy-I don't want any of that stewed rabbit. Mamma-You'd better have some; it's

per's Young People. Signs of Coming Trouble. Johnny-I tell you papa's going to catch it after the company's gone.

Tommy-How do you know? Johnny-He's told her once or twice she was mistaken about something and

ity, please. Immigrant-Oirish Immigrant Inspector-What is your occupation?

Immigrant-Or'm a Frinch nurse. An Awful Example.

An Old Truth Restated. She-I believe you don't care for me as much as you say you do. With you I think, it is "out of sight, out of mind." He (earnestly)-You are right, for

when you are out of my sight, I am out of my mind.-Life. He Took the Hint. Jack-I may kiss you then? Perdita (blushingly)-Some time in the future, Jack. Jack (eagerly)-When?

An Exception. this earth. Swayback-You forget Gilley.

"What about Gilley?"
"He's a perfect ass."—Life. A Sure Sign "What makes you think that Chollers is going to become a benedict?" "He keeps going round saying that he'll never, never get married."—Chica-

go News Record. -Dead men tell no tales, but the ones who write their obituaries often do.-Texas Siftings.

Lines Skirt Lining.

Unless one can afford a good quality of lining silk, the best skirt lining is of linen. It is substantial enough to cause the dress to hang properly. well and slips on and off easily. Linea dress foundations in all shades may be had, and the silk dust ruffle may be added to give the desirable rustle. Chicago Tribune.

The Bee.

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M. H. CHURCH. Services first Sunday each month. Sunday chool at 2:00 p. m.

M. E. CHUECH, SOUTH Services every fourth Sunday night by J. W. Leve, Paster. Prayer meeting every Friday night ZION A. M. E. CHURGIL Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 930 a. m. W. W. Dawsey, posint.

MT. ZION HAPLIST CHURCH.

Church Directory.

CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE

CONCEPTION:

First mass, flor a. m.; second mass and sermon, toom a. m. Rosary instruction and benediction at 1.30 p. m. every Sonday. A. M. Coenun, paster.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Services regularly held, morning and evening every Sonday in each mouth. Prayer meeting Thursday night

MISSIONARY SAFTIST CHURCH

Services second Saturday evening and Sanday ach month. Prayer menting, Monday night

Services Subbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sun ay achool at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, paster, Madisonville. BAPTIST CHURCH. Preaching every first and third Sunday, morning and evening by T. N. Compton. Frayer meeting. Wednesday evening. Sunday-achool every Sunday morning at 9:15.

Preaching every first and fourth Lord's day, noming and evening, by T. C. Peters, Prayer-teering Thursday evening. Sunday-school every enday morning at 900 o'clock. Preaching every second and third Lord's day, morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at 5.15 a.m.

M. R. CHURCH, SOUTH,

Sunday school every Sunday morning at Preaching every third Sunday afternoon o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. church. Lodge Directory. E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 545, F. & A. M. Stated mentings the first and third Saturdays in each month up 730 p. m. Transient brethren cordially invited CHAR. COWELL, SCETCHAY

PERSEVTERIAN CHURCH.

ST. BERNARD LODGE. No. 240. I.
O. O. F. Meets every Tuosday night
at 2.40 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
W. TWYMAN, N. G.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 507, L.O. G. T. Regular meeting of members every Wednesday evening at 7:30 of clock. Visiting friends especially invited to attend.

C.H. Hose Societies.

Official Directorn. Governor—John Young Brown.
Lieutenant-Gevernor—Mitchell C. Alford.
Serretary of State—John W. Headby.
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Leigh.
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown
Attorney General—W. J. Hendrick.
Anditor—L. C. Norman.

O'Reilly also knew-but this knowledge was a secret locked up in his own breast, except when he had occasionally to take his sons into his confidence -the paintes of every customer of his whose palate was worth studying. He could tell, almost without stopping to think, which of his farmer friends liked "a bite" in their whisky, which of them liked it with a "tang," and which of them liked it without a tang: which of them preferred it with the full flavor of fusel oil, and which of them liked it as mild as mother's milk; which of them coveted it with a "little frop" of ginger cordial, and which of them preferred a "taste" of port wine with "the hard stuff." When the

iys must be-regulated by a sliding When a family ordered a gallon of When three gallons were rdered he put up three shutters, and went very near to the brink of tears finits of a reasonable walk. When twenty gallons were ordered for a

sthroyin' me completely, even the little I took of it. Why didn't you net fair and honest with me and send me your

Martin Power was one of O'Reilly's very best customers. He had the name, and deserved it, of being the most hos-pitable farmer "in his own barony or the next one to it." But with all his hospitable qualities he was cursed with a dangerous temper; and on the

Christenings, weddings and wakes Wakes were a special feature with

tike a man?"

road to Ristheen, paterfamilias O'Reil-

"That's a good boy. I wonder what sort of a funeral will the Widow Power, of Knocknecsha, have? I suppose," answering himself, "it will be a poor affair compared with the one we're going to attend. Were you careful about "I was, sir. I racked it off out of number four, and it was just as much as I could do to get the five gallons out

the stuff I don't know, but if you were to give him good sound unterial like

wagon tongue never wags while a woman's tongue is always a waggin'.' -Judge. Some mothers, in their cleanly zeal

the Bridegroom Set Up n Pencs and Got the Laugh to Them. It was in Somerset county, not a housand miles from New Portland, enade all of the people who got mar-ried. He seemed to delight in raising a ompany of boys and going to a house where a newly married couple were sweetly sleeping and suddenly awakening them with the impression that all

self at home." the lamps. Now, what he had was a barrel of cider into which the day before he had poured all the rum and whisky it would hold. They all took hold and drank it up. Steve stood around, urging them to take some there's more downstairs." Some of

It became a phrase: "There's Kelly the butterman." I went to his shop, a boy at the time, "Mr. Kelly, you do those things to at tract attention as an advertisement,

fairly yelled out: "Howly powers, how?" "Get your pleture taken and use it in the newspapers, with 'Kelly the But-

important personage in your country."
"Wisha, then," said the guide, promptly, "an' yer honor's right; but,

for one room?" Press. Harlem Girl-I met a gentleman friend

Fature Vegennee. "You will take revenge by whipping your father when you are big and strong and I am old and feeble, will

with warm water and soap. If this bing himself, "but I'll spank your treatment does not prove successful a grandchildren till they can't resti"-physician should be consulted.—St Chicago Tribune.

HUMOROUS.

N. Y. Herald.

"Donnerwetter!" exclaimed the offi



and it represented him as being bald

"Pray tell me the secret. How has

"Papa," said Jack, "what is extrava-

Mr. Bronston-Because Mr. Upton's clothes were ready-made. — N. Y. Weekly. Parentage. father's business

just like chicken. Tommy-All right, then; if it's just like chicken I'll try a drumstick.-Har-

Irish wit is told in this connection by she's said: "Why, darling!"-Chicago Tribune. Profession Vs. Nationality. Immigrant Inspector-Your national-

> Clara-Mr. Montrose leads a life of wasted opportunity. Maud-How so? Clara-He lives out of town, and has to pass through a long tunnel twice a day, all by himself.-Truth.

Perdita-Day before to-morrow .-Jury. Snooper-There is nothing perfect on

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